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HONOLULU, MAY 12, 1900.

KAMALO has its troubles as well as Kihei.

IT is about time to hold a Fourth of July rally.

"EVERYTHING comes to him who waits."
That's what the Democrats are saying.

JUDGING by the number of controversialists developed by the Republican rally of last week it is hardly fair for Hilo to claim possession of all the kickers in the islands.

THE club of whatever party that shall favor ordinances like those of the municipal government of San Francisco will have the support of three-fourths of the voters of this city.

THE hack stands are to remain. Minister Young has said so. The WEEKLY was the only journal that advocated equal rights of the hack and the automobile.

H. R. HITCHCOCK won his maiden case in court last Tuesday. He defended three natives who had been falsely accused of robbing a Chinaman on the highway. Many were the congratulations extended to him by his friends.

AS THE WEEKLY stated some time ago cremation would not have the approval of the clergy. Dr. Bishop and Bishop Gulstan, representative clergymen of Honolulu, have published their objections to the new movement. We are not prepared to argue ecclesiastical points with the reverend gentlemen. We take a practical, sanitary view of the principle of incineration.

FEARS of the bubonic plague coming here from Sydney are unfounded. Honolulu has recently learned such a hard lesson that the strictest sanitary measures will be enforced against Sydney vessels. The authorities of Sydney are abundantly able to take care of their own bailiwick and consequently will prevent the plague from coming to this port.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, being expected home on June 6th, all the Hawaiians in the city are making preparations to hold a grand luau at Washington Place on the day after her arrival. Subscriptions of money to defray the expenses of the celebration are being called for.

THERE are more than two wings to the Republican party. Which one will you take?

UNLESS the automobile acquires more speed than it now has it will never supersede the hack. The automobile of 1900 has all the characteristics of clumsiness and ungainliness, and is devoid of a single graceful line in its construction. It has the appearance of European manufacture. There is nothing like the cutunder surrey of Honolulu workmanship for comfort and convenience in this tropical land.

LEUNG CHI-TSO will have hard work to make the intelligent people of Honolulu believe that the Bow Wong hatchet party will bring about a reform in China. Education and the introduction of white civilization will do more for China than all his bloody revolutionary plans. San Francisco's police will watch Leung Chi Tso very closely, should that archhypocrite succeed in getting ashore there.

THE awarding of cash prizes, donated by W. O. Smith to those residents of Kalaupapa and Kalawao who cultivated their small allotments of land to the best of their advantages, was a worthy act. The event is one of those occasional reminders that we still have the unfortunate outcasts under our charge. A community of goodly proportion exists there—some ten hundred souls—bereft forever of the companionship of loved ones, yet seldom repining their melancholy fate. Their only occupation is devoted to the domestic affairs about home and garden, and fills their monotonous routine of life, unkindled by a single spark of worldly ambition. What they have done to make attractive the grounds around their houses was performed more in the spirit of realizing ornamental effects than in the hope of gaining pecuniary reward.

"Fixing" an Organ-Grinder.

One day, when Mery, the French novelist, was visiting Sandeau, an organ-grinder halted in front of the Academician's house and began to play. Sandeau, with a gesture of irritation, rose from his seat, took a half franc piece from his pocket, and flung it at the tormentor, calling out as he did so:

"Be quiet, and go away!"

"What!" said Mery—"you encourage that detestable kind of thing? That man will now return every day; and not only so—he'll pass the word to his comrades."

"What am I to do?" asked Sandeau.

"The street I live in," replied Mery, "is one of those most infested by organ-grinders. I had only just moved into my apartment and opened my window for the first time, when one of them planted himself on the pavement opposite. He ground out the 'Miserere' from *Il Trovatore*. I manifested a lively satisfaction. After the 'Miserere' he obliged me with a *valse*. I took a chair and seated myself in the balcony. He then played me the air of one of the most popular songs of the

day; I clapped my hands enthusiastically. Then he passed to the air of a sentimental song; I called to my servant to come and listen to it. 'Encore!' I cried. He played the tune over again, then politely took off his cap and held it towards me; whereupon I instantly banged shut the window. I went through the same pantomime with five or six of the colleagues of my first musician, and then the cure was complete. Better than that, even; for yesterday morning, as I was quietly taking the air, I saw approaching a man in velveteen trousers and with an organ on his back. He raised his eyes to mine and quickened his pace, after lifting his thumb to the end of his nose, as much as to say:

"You'd like me to play you a tune or two, wouldn't you? But you've taken me in once; you'll not do it again!"

The Basis of Power.

The question of physical culture in Japan which has been receiving some attention lately is, of course, one of the most important that can engage the attention of the "teachers and prophets" of this country. There can be no doubt or discussion as to the facts; Japan is weak and badly developed physically. The country ought to be under no delusion that it is a matter which can be neglected or postponed so long as other claims—the claims of culture and intellect for instance—are fully met and implemented. However unfortunate a thing it may be for "the higher man," it is clear that the world has still a considerable way to go before it will accept intellectual or moral standards as the essential measure of individual or national worth. Nothing is plainer at the present moment than that the real key to predominance among nationalities is force—physical force—crystallized and organized in armies and battleships, the unit in the composition of which is the individual man, his temperament and nerves, his height, the measure of his muscle, and the staying power of his lungs. The Japanese ought to know, if they do not, that in these matters they are in the gross, outclassed and over-matched by all contemporary people in the ring of civilization. So much is this so, indeed, that it is not an uncommon thing for strangers coming among this people to take the impression that the Japanese in reality are a wornout race, a race which has long since seen its best days and is now well on the road towards that stage of degeneration when it must inevitably become the prey of a stronger and more lusty competitor. The primal element in national greatness is the unit—and the primal element in the unit's greatness is his health and vigor. The guns may be the finest the hand of man can fashion but it is, after all, the man behind the gun that defeats the enemy. Japan, indeed, has many grave problems confronting her in the near future, and not the least of them is the maintenance of her position against contemporary peoples whose units are on the average worth two or three of her own from a physical point of view.—*Kobe Herald*.